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MOSS-SIDE.

(Continued from Page 243.)

While they were at their silent meal a horseman came galloping to the door, and, with a loud voice, called out that he had been sent express with a letter to Gilbert Amslie; at the same time rudely, and with an oath, demanding a dram for his trouble. The eldest son, a lad of eighteen, fiercely seized the bridle of his horse, and turned his head away from the the door. The rider, somewhat alarmed at the flushed face of the powerful stripling, threw down the letter and rode off. Gilbert took the letter from his son's hand, casting, at the same time a half upbraiding look on his face, that was returning to its former colour. "I feared," said the youth, with a tear in his eye, "I feared that the brute's voice, and the trampling of the horse's feet, would have disturbed her." Gilbert held the letter hesitatingly in his hand, as if afraid at that moment to read it; at length, he said aloud to the surgeon "You know that I am a poor man, and debt, if justly incurred, and punctually paid when due is no dishonour." Both his hand and his voice shook slightly as he spoke; but he opened the letter from the lawyer, and read it in silence. At this moment his wife came from her child's bed side, and looking anxiously at her husband, told him "not to mind about the money, that no man, who knew him, would arrest his goods, or put him into prison. Though, dear me, it is cruel to be put to it thus, when our bairn is dying, and when, if so it be the Lord's will, she should have a decent burial, poor innocent, like them that that went before her." Gilbert continued reading the letter with a face on which emotion could be discovered; and then, folding it up, he gave it to his wife, bid her she might read it if she chose, and then put it into his desk in the room, beside the poor dear bairn. She took it from him, without reading it, and crushed it into her bosom; for she turned her ear towards her child, and, thinking she heard it stir, ran out hastily to its bed-side.

Another hour of trial past, and the child was still swimming for its life. The very dogs knew there was grief in the house, and lay without stirring, as if hiding themselves, below the long table at the window. One sister sat with an unfinished gown on her knees, that she had been sewing for the dear child, and still continued at the hopeless work, she scarcely knew why; and often, often, putting up her hand to wipe away a tear. "What is that?" said the old man to his eldest daughter: "What is that you are laying on the shelf?" She could scarcely reply that it was a ribband and an ivory comb that she had bought for little Margaret, against the night of the dancing-school ball. And, at these words, the father could not restrain a long, deep, and bitter groan; at which the boy, nearest in age to his dying sister, looked up weeping in his face, and letting the tattered book of old ballads, which he had been poring on, but not reading, fall out of his hands, he rose from his seat, and, going into his father's bosom, kissed him, and asked God to bless him; for the holy heart of the boy was moved within him; and the old man, as he embraced him, felt that, in his innocence and simplicity, he was indeed a comforter. "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," said the old man; "blessed be the name of the Lord."

The outer-door gently opened, and he, whose presence had in former years brought peace and resignation hither, when their hearts had been tried, even as they now were tried,

stood before them. On the night before the Sabbath, the minister of Auchindown never left his Manse, except, as now, to visit the sick or dying bed. Scarcely could Gilbert reply to his first question about his child, when the surgeon came from the bed room, and said, "Margaret seems lifted up by God's hand above death and the grave: I think she will recover. She has fallen asleep; and, when she wakes, I hope—I believe—that the danger will be past, and that your child will live."

They were all prepared for death; but now they were found unprepared for life. One wept that had till then locked up all her tears within her heart; another gave a short palpitating shriek; and the tender-hearted Isabel, who had nursed the child when it was a baby, fainted away. The youngest brother gave way to gladsome smiles; and, calling out his dog Hector, who used to sport with him and his little sister on the moor, he told the tidings to the dumb irrational creature, whose eyes, it is certain, sparkled with a sort of joy. The clock, for some days, had been prevented from striking the hours; but the silent fingers pointed to the hour of nine; and that, in the cottage of Gilbert Anslie, was the stated hour of family worship. His own honoured minister took the book;

He waled a portion with judicious care:
And let us worship God, he said, with solemn air.

A chapter was read—a prayer said;—and so, too, was sung a psalm; but it was sung low, and with suppressed voices, lest the child's saving sleep might be broken; and now and then the female voices trembled, or some one of them ceased altogether; for there had been tribulation and anguish, and now hope and faith were tried in the joy of thanksgiving.

The child still slept; and its sleep seemed more sound and deep. It appeared almost certain that the crisis was over, and that the flower was not to fade. "Children," said Gilbert, "our happiness is in the love we bear to one another, and our duty in submitting to and serving God. Gracious, indeed, has he been unto us. Is not the recovery of our little darling, dancing, singing Margaret, worth all the gold that ever was mined? If we had had thousands of thousands, would we not have filled up her grave with the worthless dress of gold, rather than she should have gone down there with her sweet face and all her rosy smiles?" There was no reply, but a joyful sobbing all over the room.

"Never mind the letter, nor the debt, father," said the eldest daughter. "We have all some little thing of our own (a few pounds) and we shall be able to raise as much as will keep arrest and prison at a distance. Or if they do take our furniture out of the house, all except Margaret's bed, who cares? We will sleep on the floor; and there are potatoes in the field, and clear water in the spring. We need fear nothing, want nothing; blessed be God for all his mercies."

Gilbert went into the sick room, and got the letter from his wife, who was sitting at the head of the bed, watching, with a heart blessed beyond all bliss, the calm and regular breathings of her child. "This letter," said he mildly, "is not from a hard creditor. Come with me while I read it aloud to our children." The letter was read aloud, and it was well fitted to diffuse pleasure and satisfaction through the dwelling of poverty. It was from an executor to the will of a distant relative, who had left Gilbert Anslie £1,000. "The sum," said Gilbert, "is a large one to folks like us, but not, I hope, large enough to turn our heads, or make us think ourselves all lords and ladies. It will do more, far more, than put me fairly above the world at last. I believe, that, with it, I may buy this very farm, on which my forefathers have toiled. But God, whose providence has sent this temporal blessing, may he send us wisdom and prudence how to use it, and humble and grateful hearts to us all."

"You will be able to send me to school all the year round now, father,"

and the youngest boy. "And you may leave the flail to your sons now, father," said the eldest. "You may hold the plough still, for you draw a straighter furrow than any of us; but hard work for young sinews; and you may sit now oftener in your arm chair by the ingle. You will not need to rise now in the dark, cold, and snowy winter mornings, and keep threshing corn in the barn for hours by candle-light, before the dawning."

There was silence, gladness, and sorrow, and but little sleep in Moss-side, between the rising and the setting of the stars, that were now out in thousands, clear, bright, and sparkling over the unclouded sky. Those who had lain down for an hour or two in bed could scarcely be said to have slept; and when about morning little Margaret awoke, an altered creature, pale, languid, and unable to turn herself on her lowly bed, but with meaning in her eyes, memory in her mind, affection in her heart, and coolness in all her veins, a happy group were watching the first faint smile that broke over her features; and never did one that stood there forget that Sabbath morning, on which she seemed to look round upon them all with a gaze of fond and sweet bewilderment, like one half conscious of having been rescued from the power of the grave.

THE MAMELOUKS.

The following account of the Mamelouks, from the period of their flight from Cairo into Dongola, to their expulsion from that region is abridged from "*Waddington's Travels*:"—On their first appearance in the year 1812, on the frontiers of Mahass, they appear to have found Mahommed, Casheff of that country, at war with Malek Tombol; and Mahommed engaged to receive them as friends, on condition that they would assist him in the destruction of Tombol. They were under two chiefs, who seem to have been independent of each other, and often, as in this case, at variance. Ibrahim Bey, the same who, during the massacre in the citadel at Cairo, escaped by leaping his horse over the walls into the trench below,* was one; and Abdah Rochmán Bey, the other. Ibrahim would have accepted the proposal of Mahommed; but the other would not hastily consent to the extinction of so great a man as Malek Tombol; and, on their arrival at Argo, whither they immediately advanced, they examined the merits of the case, and decided in favour of that monarch. They finally established themselves in that country (in the manner mentioned by Burckhardt,) by a treacherous massacre of the Sheygya, who, resident as governors in Argo, received them as friends, and entertained them with that unsuspicious hospitality for which, like most other brave savages, they were remarkable—the Mamelouks, from their sufferings, had learnt only faithlessness and ingratitude.

The Casheff of Mahass began now to be afraid of his new neighbours, and with the hope of causing their destruction, strongly pressed them to undertake an expedition into Dar Sheygya; the Mamelouks challenged him to place himself at their head, and guide them thither; this the Casheff did not think proper to comply with, and immediately put himself under the protection of Mahommed Ali.

The establishment of the Mamelouks in this country seems not to have been immediately followed by any violent war with the Sheygya; but a treaty was made, by which the whole western bank of the river, and the islands, from Handech on the south, to Hanneh, the frontier town of Dongola on the north, were ceded to the invaders. They selected Maragga for their capital; and, as they had brought with them a great deal of money, in Spanish dollars and Venetian sequins, and gave great encouragement to foreign traders, forbidding, at the same time, any of their own subjects to trade out of their country,—it was not long before that city, became the centre of much commerce; and gradually increasing in size, assumed the name of New Don-

* The horse was crushed to death—Ibrahim escaped nearly unhurt.

gola;* the old city still remained in the hands of the Sheygya. They also introduced some improvements in the cultivation of the country, and encouraged the growth of wheat instead of Dhourra: yet, upon the whole, the Argives seem to have gained little by their change of masters. The taxes during the government of the Sheygya were moderate, and always divided equally between themselves and the King; whereas, the Mameloukes took one-third of the produce of the whole country: besides which they were constantly harassed by the Sheygya, who were much better liked as governors than as enemies. Some peasants told us, that frequently, soon after midnight, they used to be roused by the war-cry of the Arabs, who had contrived to conceal themselves on the main-land till that moment, and then swam their horses, by tying empty leathern bags under their bellies, across the river. Instant confusion and flight was the consequence, and those were thought happy who could save themselves by the sacrifice of their property; for, as the Sheygya landed on different islands at the same time, it was difficult to distinguish whence exactly their shout came. These predatory incursions were executed with such rapidity, that the assistance of the Mameloukes generally arrived too late; sometimes, however, they surprised the robbers, and took a terrible vengeance on those they caught, by impaling them, in every instance, in the most public places, by the roadside.

About twenty months after their establishment, they made an expedition against Malek Chowes, on the invitation of Malek Zobeyr, who was then at war with the king of Merawe. They are said to have beaten the Sheygya at Koraigh, killing one hundred and fifty of them, and to have sent back a triumphant message to their wives, who were not (as Burckhardt was informed) molested by the enemy during the absence of their husbands. Malek Tombol served himself in this campaign, and was present at the action, and assured us that the victory was extremely glorious. Against the weight of his royal testimony it can hardly be urged, that the next battle was fought at Dettan, so that the conquerors must have retreated full fifty miles after their success. This second battle they certainly did gain; but owing to some difference between the Chiefs, Ibrahim Bey returned with part of the army to Maragga, and Abdah Rochaan followed up the Sheygya with the rest, though, it would seem, with no permanent effect. However, the various events of these wars did not at all shake the security of their establishment in Dongola, where, but for the persevering hatred of Mahommed Ali, they would have continued to rule and improve the kingdom they had founded. Their arms,* and their skill and intrepidity in using them, were the admiration of their subjects, and the Arabs themselves reluctantly allowed them to be the best horsemen in the world.

The residence of respectable artizans among them is proved by their having constructed two or three boats with sails, which they destroyed before their departure, except one, which they gave to the Sheygya; foreseeing, no doubt, that those Arabs would oppose the progress of the Turks, and willing to furnish one enemy with the means of injuring another more powerful and more inveterate; they had also one or two French surgeons with them.

After being established for some months in Dongola, they sent back most of their Circine wives, and married the daughters of the native Nubians; these preserved to them, even in their latest misfortunes, the most sincere attachment; many left their country and fled with them, and those who remained behind continued faith-

* We were assured by some Gellabs, who were lamenting its present situation, that it was a market frequented even by the traders from Darfour; and that all articles were to be found there at the same price as at Cairo.

* Each man had a double-barrelled gun, two brace of pistols, a sabre, and a dagger: the fire arms generally of English manufacture.

ful to their wandering husbands,* and used to declare they would rather die than injure them. They say that it is not the Pasha, but God, who has driven them away; thus exerting their predestinarian principles to console their own misfortunes, and to vindicate the honour of their husbands.

Ibrahim Bey died soon after the expedition against Merawe, and Abdah Rochman Bey was left at the head of the remaining warriors. He is said to be of a noble person and undaunted mind; horses stand trembling at his voice, and he has dromedaries that obey no call but his. When the Pasha, just before his last expedition, sent a message to the Mameloukes, full of flattering promises in case of their submission, it was he who returned the haughty answer, "Tell Mahommed Ali, that we will be on no terms with our servant." And accordingly, as the Turkish troops continued to advance, in the month of June, after an unusually grand celebration of the Ramadan, the brave exiles took their departure for Shendy; they were themselves three hundred, with double that number of women and slaves; they had lost about one hundred during their residence in Dongola. The Sheygya had heard of their intended departure, and, while lying in ambush to surprise them, were themselves surprised. The Mameloukes took several prisoners, whom they immediately beheaded; and thus the last act of intercourse between these warlike neighbours was marked by the same spirit of implacable hostility that distinguished all the preceding ones. This parting blow of the Mameloukes was amply revenged on their late subjects by an irruption of the Arabs, who seized the flocks and violated the women, and carried some of the inhabitants away into their own country.

In the mean time, the Mameloukes had crossed the Desert from Korti to Shendy, where they were not received within the walls, but allowed to encamp without. They remained there till the successes of the Pasha over the Shyegya terrified the Mek of Shendy into a determination not to oppose the Turkish arms. He then ordered the Mameloukes to quit the country, and the greater part of them, under Abdah Rochman Bey, retired towards Darfour; some went in the opposite direction, to the banks of the Red Sea; and we were assured, on our return to Egypt, that a few, forgetful of the fate of all who had trusted to the promises of Mahommed Ali, had thrown themselves on the mercy of their persecutor.

An expedition, which was at that moment advancing from Egypt against Darfour, would* probably disperse or destroy the few who were still united under Abdah Rochman Bey; and the present details may be considered as the conclusion of the history of the Mameloukes.

THE CENSORS.

No. 4

"Effodiunt'ur opes, irritamenta malorum."

"———Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the last erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else, enjoyed
In vision beatific." *Milton.*

THE following paper against the *love of money*, written by a *Censor*, we think may claim a place in our miscellany; and as our intention is to amuse, instruct, or mildly reprove "the world," we hope it may not fail,

* Ismael Pasha protected such of these women as fell into his hands, and obliged their husbands to restore them to them.

* It is just possible, that, in case of the submission of the King of Darfour, they may be able to effect their retreat through Kordofan to the banks of the Niger; but as they are still powerful enough to become an object of jealousy to petty princes, their ultimate destiny appears uncertain.

in some measure, of effecting all three:—

Let him who reads the above beautiful passage from "Paradise Lost," who has sworn allegiance to the sovereign Mammon, absolve his oath. Let the man who has placed all his delight in hoarding up riches know, that by pursuing this *imaginary* satisfaction he is losing many, very many *substantial* benefits. If he has made a scandalous resolve in his own heart to accumulate wealth by whatever means he can, let him, in the more expanded hours of thought, scorn the despicable resolution of an unlucky moment.

Dr. Paley, in his Philosophy, says: "Promissory *oaths* are not binding where the promise itself would not be so. Thus Jepthah's vow was not binding, because the performance in that contingency became unlawful." Then let the votary of Avarice, even if he has sworn with the most solemn imprecations to his god Mammon to observe his laws, shake off the base shackles, break from the fetters of an impious oath, and soar, under the banners of allegiance, to the supreme good, far above the groveling ties of cringing cupidity.

"Hell into the mind of God or Man
May come and go so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind."

But if the evil has come, and been permitted to leave behind a momentary approbation, or even a serious impression, which has prompted him to his rash and avaricious purpose, let him absolve himself from it, and taste the fruits of real blessings whilst he yet has it in his reach.

I was lately perusing some remarks on the transmutation of various substances, by Dr. Watts. I reflected after I had retired to rest on what I had read. According to the method he points out, I began to trace, in idea, the state of the things that were around me to their original form, before the craft of man had reduced them to the shapes and uses of ornament. I first traced the iron of the bed-post to a tree. The next object to which my attention was directed was a sword by the bedside: this, of course, I considered as having been dug out of the bowels of the earth. It was then that an idea first struck me, that those substances which possessed a destructive tendency, or were of a really useless nature were kindly hidden from the restless search of man, —iron is iron, with the rest of the metals, and all the mineral poisons.

Iron, for instance, though useful in many other ways, from its extreme hardness is not only manufactured into various instruments of annoyance, but into those engines of destruction out of whose mouths desolation is spread and death reigns in his most triumphant state; which the poet before quoted makes the angel Raphael observe, though, perhaps maybe there, "for how could Adam then be supposed to know the art of chemistry."

"— — Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with subtle art
Concocted and cohered, they reduced
To blackest grain, and high flew conveyed."

Now, on the contrary, those substances which lead most to man's comfort and delight are placed on or near to the surface of the earth.

Mammon has instigated men in a most inordinate pursuit; they have,

— — "by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold."

Ah! cruel and impolitic men, why will ye tear "the bowels of your mother earth" to procure an imaginary benefit, and by your unwarrantable rashness prevent her, in part, from affording you that nourishment she otherwise would? Instead of tilling the productive mould of nature, the external covering of the globe, and by your gentle labours reaping the internal harvest, ye dive caverns and mines

which fill the wretches who are employed in their subterraneous vaults with horror and dismay, to procure, with the most violent exertion, a *something* which ye yourselves *have chosen* to place a value upon above the blessings which Providence daily sends ye, and the whole of which treasures notwithstanding, that have ever been acquired by this intense labour and fatigue, if there was a famine throughout the world, would not afford ye subsistance for a single day!

I have spoken of Mammon in a figurative sense to express the *desire for gold*; for why should Mammon, if we allow him to be even a demon, be blamed for every instance of this vice in man? The blame has, in like manner, been laid on Satan for every other crime:—

"Bad as he is, the Devil may be abused,
Be falsely charg'd, and causelessly accused,
When men, unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off those crimes on him which are their own."

Money is not the valuable article itself, but the means by which we estimate the value of any thing of worth and utility. I have somewhere read of a set of savages estimating the worth of commodities in their own language somewhat in this way,—that is, as we should say, such an article is worth *one*, such an *one two*, and so on. In this manner they barter: "Your goods are worth *four*, those which I have are worth *five*; you want to part with yours as useless to you, you wish for mine which are equally useless to me, yours will suit my present wants better, let us then exchange them." There is even a more simple method than that of the Spartans, who used pieces of iron for money.

The love of gold for its own sake alone is abominable and inconsistent. Let no man then wish for it but for its proper use. It is the cause of happiness not the effect; for by it we procure blessings—it is not the blessing itself.

But let me not be misunderstood; for after all these arguments, far be it from me to indicate prodigality:—no—it would be highly improper; but surely covetousness is even worse. Some would say of two evils, chuse the lesser; but I should advise every one to follow the line of conduct between the two extremes, and to remember that

"The Prodigal robs *his heir*—the Miser robs *himself*."

BRACEBRIDGE HALL; OR, THE HUMOURISTS.

(BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.)

Mr. Washington Irving, the pleasantest writer of light reading since the days of Goldsmith, has once more come forward to gratify the public. In "Bracebridge Hall" he continues the series of delineations of English characters and manners, which in his "Sketch Book" excited so high a degree of interest. His portraits, drawn as they were by a stranger, were exceedingly flattering to our national vanity; and "Bracebridge Hall" is full of the same affectionate and generous feeling towards his "father land." Mr. Irving seems to think some apology necessary to justify this kindly disposition towards England in the eyes of his American brethren.

The following is the picture which he gives of his feelings on his first arrival in England:—

"Having been born and brought up in a new country, yet educated from infancy in the literature of an old one, my mind was early filled with historical and poetical associations, connected with places, and manners, and customs of Europe; but which could rarely be applied to those of my own country. To a mind thus peculiarly prepared, the most ordinary objects and scenes, on arriving in Europe, are full of strange matter and interesting novelty. England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman; and old London

teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

"Indeed, it is difficult to describe the whimsical medley of ideas that throng upon his mind on landing among English scenes. He for the first time sees a world about which he has been reading and thinking in every stage of his existence. The recollected ideas of infancy, youth, and manhood, of the nursery, the school, and the study, come swarming at once upon him; and his attention is distracted between great and little objects, each of which, perhaps, awakens an equally delightful train of remembrances.

"But what more especially attracts his notice are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country and an old state of society from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation,—where every thing in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than to the past,—where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement,—there was something impressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin, like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world, as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand, and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape; for the first time beheld signs of national old age, and empire's decay, and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

"But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter; the footsteps of history were every where to be traced and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful freshness of feeling of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants, and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure, where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associates than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

"In this way I traversed England, a grown-up child, delighted by every object great and small; and betraying a wondering ignorance, and simple enjoyment, that provoked many a smile from my wiser and more experienced fellow-travellers. Such too was the odd confusion of associations that kept breaking upon me as I first approached London. One of my earliest wishes had been to see this great metropolis. I had read so much about it in the earliest books that had been put into my infant hands; and I had heard so much about it from those around me who had come from the "old countries." I was familiar with the names of its streets, and squares, and public places, before I knew those of my native city. It was to me the great centre of the world, round which every thing seemed to revolve. I re-

collect contemplating so wistfully, when a boy, a paltry little print of the Thames, and London Bridge, and St. Paul's, that was in front of an old magazine; and a picture of Kensington Gardens, with gentlemen in three cornered hats and broad skirts, and ladies in hoops and tippets, that hung up in my bed room; even the venerable cut of St. John's-gate, that has stood time out of mind in front of the Gentleman's Magazine, was not without its charms to me; and I envied the odd-looking little men that appeared to be loitering about its arches.

"How then did my heart warm when the towers of Westminster Abbey were pointed out to me, rising above the rich groves of St. James's Park, with a thin blue haze about their gray pinnacles! I could not behold this great mausoleum of what is most illustrious in our paternal history, without feeling my enthusiasm in a glow. With what eagerness did I explore every part of the metropolis! I was not content with those matters which occupy the dignified research of the learned traveller; I delighted to call up all the feelings of childhood, and to seek after those objects which had been the wonders of my infancy. London Bridge, so famous in nursery song, the far-famed Monument, Gog and Magog, and the Lions in the Tower, all brought back many a recollection of infantine delight, and of good old beings, now no more, who had gossiped about them to my wondering ear. Nor was it without a recurrence of childish interest that I first peeped into Mr. Newberry's shop, in St. Paul's Church-yard, that fountain-head of literature. Mr. Newberry was the first that ever filled my infant mind with the idea of a great and good man. He published all the picture books of the day; and out of his abundant love for children, he charged "nothing for either paper or print, and only a penny-halfpenny for the binding!"

We shall give some extracts in our next.

VENICE.

(By a late Traveller.)

Its external features, seem to have suffered nothing of change, and they certainly come nearer the grandeur of an Arabian tale than any thing I had fancied to be in actual existence. The square of Saint Mark; the mosque-like cathedral, covered with grotesque figures in prodigious mosaic work, its arches shining with gilding, and its whole exterior presenting a union of the fantastic with the grand,—oriental taste with western wealth and power; the opening on the water between the two Eastern Pillars—the spoils of the crusades, on one of which stands "the winged lion;"—the severe front of the Dogal palace, conveying a look of aristocratical authority, and bearing testimony by its architecture to the triumphs of the republic in the east; the quay of the Schiavi,—with its bridges, its prison, and the gaily coloured barks, from the islands and the Dalmatian coast, run up on its slope,—these present a picture, altogether more oriental than Italian, but of most captivating and surprising effect. Greeks, Turks, Armenians, mingle their costume with the white veils of the Venetian girls. The various wild states that border the eastern side of the Adriatic, send here their mariners and traders; merchants come here too from Syria and Egypt; they are all to be seen on the quay, and in the square of Saint Mark, some smoking, some drinking coffee, some bargaining—while in front stretches a magnificent sheet of smooth water, in the middle of which stands the island of the Giudecca,—confronting the eye of the spectator with the marble porticos of Palladio! The square of Saint Mark, as a foreign traveller observes, is distinguished by a picturesque majesty of appearance, which probably cannot be equalled in the world. It is the place of rendezvous for the advocates, merchants, ambulatory, comedians, musicians, improvisatori, and Aspasias. Eustace

has done gross injustice to Venice: he could not feel its beauty and sublimity because neither is *classical*,—for which reason he would probably have denied magnificence to Babylon of old;—but he applies the epithet "luminous" to the style of Palladio, and it is precisely the word to characterise it. There are three churches by this celebrated man on the small island just mentioned. Eustace seems to prefer of his buildings the San Georgio, in the island of that name; but I quite agree with Addison, who was most struck by the Redemptore, in the Giudecca. Nothing can be more exquisite than its light elegance. This beautiful building was erected as a monument of the thankfulness of Venice for the cessation of a fierce pestilence; and the Doge and great officers of state used to go to it annually in procession, on the third day of July. The French, with their natural barbarity, let out this church to an exhibitor of balloons, and intended to sell it for the purpose of being pulled down for its materials. The merchants of the city of Venice redeemed it from their hands, and they continue to pay a clergyman to officiate within its walls.

Saint Mark appears to me to be the greatest curiosity, and one of the most impressive objects, in the class of edifices, that it is possible for a traveller to see. It is florid and grotesque without; gloomy and strange within. It is decorated with pillars brought over from Jerusalem and from Constantinople, the dissimilarity of which suggests them to be trophies, and makes them appeal more forcibly to the imagination. It is covered with representations in mosaic, one or two of them designs by Titian, but most of them in the style of the meagre artists of the low Greek empire, the subjects of which are all religious, though the manner of handling them is often offensive to decency. Our Saviour, in one, is represented suffering the operation of circumcision. This building stands a strange monument of the wild superstitions of the age when it was built, of the fierce heroism of that day, its barbarous taste, sublime fancy, and ambition of grandeur. It is a mass of consecrated robbery; a pile of plunder applied to the purposes of devotion. It represents the young and ardent republic, active and hardy to seize, eager to possess, yet too inexperienced in art, and too occupied with arms, to create the decorations of a powerful and enterprising state. We seem in it the first fruits of an avidity, which, though its effects were barbarous, manifestly pointed towards civilization. Here, too, is reflected the pride of these stern citizen rulers, whose feeling of power was strengthened and sharpened as an appetite in their breasts, by the contiguity of its possessors to the mass of the people. It is made up of the wrecks of the old eastern empire, ravished by the early valour of the west—of the results of taste in its dotage, of pendantry, profusion, vanity, and ignorance, succeeding learning, magnificence, and dignity,—and transported, on the final extinction of that ancient branch of power, to form the splendour of a new state. This Dogal church, the principal one of Venice, was first built in 828, for the purpose of receiving the remains of Saint Mark, brought over from Alexandria. The original edifice, however, was burnt, in consequence of a public insurrection, when the contiguous palace was set on fire by the people. This happened in the year 976. The pile we now see was commenced immediately after the accident, and finished about the year 1071. Dedicated to Saint Mark, the lion became his and the republic's representative, it is said, because of the lofty opening of that Saint's gospel,—where John the Baptist is heard crying, like a lion in the desert, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make his paths straight!"—Above the gates of this cathedral, the horses of bronze still stand. They were too far off their native antiquity at Paris: here, at Venice, the state of things, and the cast of character, seem more in harmony with their history. It was too late a day when they were taken by

Buonaparte, to give them a new place of settlement. They wanted the pillars from the temple of Jerusalem to support them from below; they stood but awkwardly on the ugly useless arch before the Thuilleries. It would have been a pity if they had remained degraded to be the spoils of a war chronicled in our daily and weekly newspapers, from their rank and spoils of the crusades.—Whatever Napoleon may be to the tenth generation of our posterity, to us he is not so romantic as Godfrey or Tancred, nor so capable of interesting the imagination in his conquests.

The sea-birds may now be seen roosting on the fretwork of the Dogal palace, and on the heads of the old figures by which it is ornamented. Yet it still bears ample evidence of the severity of the republican government. Its dark passages to the prisons are still to be seen; also its close inner rooms for inquisitorial consultation; and the vaulted corridors leading to the recesses for secret examination. The spaces which the Lions of Accusation occupied are yet visible; and the orifices through which the charges dropped, have not been filled up. Seen by moon-light from the great square of Saint Mark, with the tower of the clock in front, and the two pillars brought from Constantinople a little below, it looks as if it would render up a line of doges, councillors, and senators. Between these columns, just mentioned, close to the water's edge, the public executions took place. The Doge, on his election, landed here from the state procession on the water; but carefully avoided passing between the ominous elevations. Faliero, whose decapitation is recorded on a black tablet, which appears amongst the portraits of the chief magistrates of Venice, accidentally broke this rule: instead of going on one side, he went between the columns:—the circumstance was remarked at the time, but it was more remarked at his death.

The view of Venice from the Canale Giudecca is astonishingly fine: the grandest buildings are on each side,—the magnificent opening of the great canal is behind, and the convent of the Armenians, standing on its solitary sand bank, the Lido,* and the Adriatic are in front. A stranger ought to traverse the whole of this expanse of water, and stop his gondola in various spots to observe the city under different points of view. All its aspects are grand: you see the globular minaret turrets of Saint Mark; the Arabesque cornices, and short pillars of the Dogal palace; the "winged lion" on his column; the vast extent of the mass of houses and bridges; Italian and oriental architecture; masts and spires; the passing gondolas with the graceful rowers;—such are the particulars of the lively and striking picture here presented of Venice, once, like Tyre, the queen of the waves, and still "rising like water-columns from the sea!"

The bridge of the Rialto, thrown over the Great Canal, is still, and no doubt was formerly in a greater degree than now, "a place where merchants congregate." It is lined with the shops of those who work that beautiful fine gold chain, for the manufacture of which Venice is famous; and, at a little distance, is the ancient place of assemblage for the traders of this great commercial city. The latter spot is not now so employed; but, when it was, the Rialto, being in the immediate neighbourhood, must have been frequented by merchants. Shakspeare has been accused of ignorance in his notice of the Rialto, but this is superficial criticism. His selection of the name is good evidence of his having had authority for his description of the place,—for no man was ever better acquainted with the current information of his time, or had a more happy memory and feeling directing him to the appropriate employment of his knowledge. The bridge of the Rialto is so connected with the pursuits and residence of the merchants of Venice, particularly in former times,

* Famous as the spot of Lord Byron's poem; it is a long strip of sand, forming the beach of the Adriatic, but separated from Venice by water.

that it is impossible to consider Shakspeare's notice of it as a mere blunder there is no reasonable ground, then, for doubting that his allusion to it had been suggested to his fancy by the writings of Italians, or the accounts of travellers. The passage in the *Merchant of Venice* leads people in general to think the Rialto is an exchange, or spacious mart: they are disappointed when they find it a bridge;—but one of the most interesting results of travelling, in the estimation of those who ought to travel, is the new and unexpected way in which things, with which our imagination had been familiar, present themselves to actual observation; offering a very different appearance from what we had anticipated, yet reconciling themselves perfectly to the facts on which our suppositions about them had been formed. One might moralize, or philosophize, on this circumstance—but it is scarcely worth while. The Rialto is the pride of the Venetians rather than the admiration of strangers. A Frenchman, indeed (so my servant informed me) never fails to express disappointment and contempt when he first sees it. It is not made of cast iron, like that of Austerlitz, at Paris; nor is it flat for the convenience of carriages, like that of Jena. "What is there, then to admire about it?" It must be regarded in something of the spirit and character of a Venetian to be properly felt,—and this no Frenchman, and but few Englishmen, can do. In the first place it is the largest bridge of Venice, and this to a Venetian is all one with being the largest in the world. In the next place, it was a miracle of art at the time it was built, and since then Venetians have been working no miracles to eclipse it,—but on the contrary have seen their achievements become less and less every day. The Rialto, then, is still their pride, because it was the pride of their proudest days. Thirdly: whatever the bridge itself may be—and it is a piece of massy and picturesque architecture, in pure marble—it opens on a view of magnificence which Venice may justly regard as peculiar to herself. Its single arch is sprung across the great canal, the banks of which may be described as one continued line of marble palaces! The material of the buildings here is noble; their proportions are noble; they bear witness to a noble and powerful state. Here we find external magnificence, not introduced occasionally, as an exertion, or as an extraordinary celebration of some rare an extraordinary occurrence; but constituting a natural and common element of the social condition. It belongs to the Venetians in the same way that steam-engines, hospitals, and a navy, belong to the English. It is not to be found in monuments of royal ostentation, as in France; but as the result of a diffused prosperity, a high minded competition, and a wide and zealous ambition of greatness. It is the offspring of commercial wealth, united with heroism, and a genuine love for the grand and beautiful. No sooner did the Venetians find themselves waxing powerful and opulent, than they exerted themselves to render their wooden piles the foundation of the most costly and splendid monuments of art and greatness. They raised, on the sandy marsh, mighty palaces, and temples, and trophies, that were to challenge the admiration of a long succession of ages, resisting the fluctuations to which the power that created them has been compelled to submit. This innate, spontaneous tendency to ornament and illustrate the aspect and history of the state, by calling in art and elegance to cope and keep pace with valour and policy, seems to have always belonged to the Venetians. Their sculpture, their painting, and their architecture, are to be seen running through all the periods of their republic—varying in manner and excellence, according to the lights of the time, but always denoting the same thirst for distinction in these things. Their spoils were chiefly of this nature; and, considering the structure of their government, which forbade any one man to constitute these national glories his own property, or to con-

sign their fame to his family as an heritage, their emulation in this respect is to be taken as the sign of a proud, vigorous and patriotic, public character. In these latter qualities it may be considered analogous to that of England,—both countries owing to the popular will and means, the public works which attest the national condition:—but England has shown no decided taste for the showy and poetical in form and appearance; her enthusiasm takes quite another turn. She was engendering the reformation, and her patriots were waging war against the theatre, when the Venetians were raising colonnas, and building palaces, and cultivating music. Her natural accomplishments have all reference either to practical fitness, or to moral propriety. The plastic arts convey their appeal to the imagination through the senses; but it is only passion or reflection that forcibly touches an English imagination.

ON THE TENDENCY OF LORD BYRON'S WRITINGS.

(From the Edinburgh Review.)

The charge we bring against Lord Byron in short is, that his writings have a tendency to destroy all belief in the reality of virtue—and to make all enthusiasm and constancy of affection ridiculous; and that this is effected, not merely by direct maxims and examples, of an imposing or seducing kind, but by the constant exhibition of the most profligate heartlessness in the persons of those who had been transiently represented as actuated by the purest and most exalted emotions—and in the lessons of that very teacher who had been, but a moment before, so beautifully pathetic in the expressions of the loftiest conceptions. When a rash and gay voluptuary descants, somewhat too freely, on the intoxications of love and wine, we ascribe his excesses to the effervescence of youthful spirits, and do not consider him as seriously impeaching either the value or the reality of the severer virtues; and, in the same way when the satirist deals out his sarcasms against the sincerity of human professions, and unmasks the secret infirmities of our bosoms, we consider this as aimed at hypocrisy, and not at mankind: or, at all events, and in either case, we consider the Sensualist and the Misanthrope as wandering, each in his own delusion—and pity those who have never known the charms of a tender or generous affection. The true antidote to such seductive and revolting views of human nature, is to turn to the scenes of its nobleness and attraction; and to reconcile ourselves again to our kind, by listening to the accents of pure affection and incorruptible honour. But if those accents have flowed, in all their sweetness, from the very lips that instantly opened again to mock and blaspheme them, the antidote is mingled with the poison, and the draught is the more deadly for the mixture!

The reveller may pursue his orgies, and the wanton display her enchantments, with comparative safety to those around them, while they know or believe that there are purer and higher enjoyments, and teachers and followers of a happier way. But if the priest pass from the altar, with persuasive exhortations to peace and purity still trembling on his tongue, to join familiarly in the grossest and most profane debauchery—if the matron, who has charmed all hearts by the lovely sanctimonies of her conjugal and maternal endearments, glides out from the circle of her children, and gives bold and shameless way to the most abandoned and degrading vices—our notions of right and wrong are at once confounded—our confidence in virtue shaken to the foundations—and our reliance on truth and fidelity at an end for ever.

This is the charge which we bring against Lord Byron. We say that, under some strange misapprehension as to the truth, and the duty of proclaiming it, he has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers, both directly and

indirectly, that all enobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits and illusions—hollow and despicable mockeries for the most part, and, at best, but laborious follies. Love, patriotism, valour, devotion, constancy, ambition—all are to be laughed at, disbelieved in, and despised!—and nothing is really good, so far as we can gather, but a succession of dangers to stir the blood, and of banquets and intrigues to sooth it again! If this doctrine stood alone, with its examples, it would revolt, we believe, more than it would seduce:—but the author of it has the unlucky gift of personating all those sweet and lofty illusions, and that with such grace and force, and truth to nature, that it is impossible not to suppose, for the time, that he is among the most devoted of their votaries—till he casts off the character with a jerk—and, the moment after he had moved and exalted us to the very height of our conception, resumes his mockery at all things serious or sublime—and lets us down at once on some coarse joke, hard-hearted sarcasm, or fierce and relentless personality—as if on purpose to shew

"Whoe'er was edified, himself was not,"

or to demonstrate practically as it were, and by example, how possible it is to have all fine and noble feelings, or their appearance, for a moment, and yet retain no particle of respect for them, or of belief in their intrinsic worth or permanent reality. Thus we have an indelicate but very clever scene of the young Juan's concealment in the bed of an amorous matron, and of the torrent of "rattling and audacious eloquence" with which she repels the too just suspicions of her jealous lord. All this is comic, and a little coarse:—but then the poet chuses to make this shameless and abandoned woman address to her young gallant an epistle breathing the very spirit of warm, devoted, pure, and unalterable love—thus profaning the holiest language of the heart, and indirectly associating it with the most hateful and degrading vicissitudes. In like manner, the sublime and terrific description of the Shipwreck is strangely and disgustingly broken by traits of low humour and buffoonery; and we pass immediately from the moan of an agonizing father fainting over his famished son, to facetious stories of Juan's begging a paw of his father's dog—and refusing a slice of his tutor!—as if it were a fine thing to be hard-hearted—and pity and compassion were fit only to be laughed at. In the same spirit, the glorious Ode on the aspirations of Greece after liberty is instantly followed up by a strain of dull and cold-blooded ribaldry; and we are hurried on from the distraction and death of Haidee to merry scenes of intrigue and masquerading in the seraglio. Thus all good feelings are excited only to accustom us to their speedy and complete extinction; and we are brought back, from their transient and theatrical exhibition, to the staple and substantial doctrine of the work—the non existence of constancy in women or honour in men, and the folly of expecting to meet with any such virtues, or of cultivating them for an unfeeling world;—and all this mixed up with so much wit and cleverness, and knowledge of human nature, as to make it irresistibly pleasant and plausible—while there is not only no antidote supplied, but every thing that might have operated in that way has been anticipated, and presented already in as strong and engaging a form as possible—but under such associations as to rob it of all efficacy, or even turn it into an auxiliary of the poison.

VARIETIES.

Avarice outwitted.—A singular anecdote is related of John Eyre, Esq. who, though worth upwards of £30,000, was convicted at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to transportation, for stealing eleven quires of common writing paper. An uncle, a gentleman of considerable property, made his will in favour of a clergyman, who was his intimate friend, and com-

suited it to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, leaving the bulk of his property to his nephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. E. rummaging his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of £500 for the clergyman, put the will into the fire, and took possession of all the effects, in consequence of his uncle being supposed to have died intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made a will? On being answered in the negative, he very coolly put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. E. had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, except a legacy of £500 to his nephew.

Lord Essex.—A trait of magnanimity is recorded of this nobleman. The hatred between him and Sir Walter Raleigh is well known. When Sir Walter had landed at Fayal, in the Island of Madeira, in direct opposition to the precise commands of Lord Essex, who commanded in that expedition, his lordship being pressed by some of the officers to bring him to a court-martial, nobly replied, "I would do it immediately if he were not mine enemy."

Cheap Times.—In the time of Henry I. the value of a measure of wheat to make bread for the service of 100 men was one shilling; for the carcase of a fat ox, one shilling; for a fat sheep, four-pence; and for the provender of 20 horses, fourpence.

POETRY.

POETIC SKETCHES.

No. 7.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, HYDE-PARK CORNER.

"These are familiar things, and yet how few think of this corner!"

I LEFT the crowded street and the fresh day,
And entered the dark dwelling, where Death was
A daily visitant,—where sickness shed
Its weary languor o'er each fevered couch.
There was a sickly light, whose glimmer showed
Many a shape of misery: there lay
The victims of disease, writhing with pain;
And low faint groans, and breathings short and deep,
Each gasp a heartfelt agony, were all
That broke the stillness.—There was one, whose brow
Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars,
Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not
One ball or blow but did destruction's work:
But then his heart was high, and his pulse beat
Proudly and fearlessly,—now he was worn
With many a long day's suffering,—and death's
A fearful thing when we must count its steps.
And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams,

Of home, of happiness, of quiet years
Spent in the little valley which had been
So long his land of promise? Farewell all
Gentle remembrances and cherished hopes!
His race was run, but its goal was the grave.—
I looked upon another, wasted, pale,
With eyes all heavy in the sleep of death;
Yet she was lovely still,—the cold damps hung
Upon a brow like marble, and her eyes,
Though dim, had yet their beautiful blue tinge.
Neglected as it was, her long fair hair
Was like the plumage of the dove, and spread
Its waving curls like gold upon her pillow.
Her face was a sweet ruin. She had loved,
Trusted, and been betrayed! In other days,
Had but her cheek looked pale, how tenderly
Fond hearts had watched it! They were far away,
She was a stranger in her loneliness,
And sinking to the grave of that worst ill
A broken heart.—And there was one, whose cheek
Was flushed with fever—'twas a face that seemed
Familiar to my memory,—'twas one
Whom I had loved in youth. In days long past,
How many glorious structures we had raised
Upon Hope's sandy basis! Genius gave
To him its golden treasures: he could pour
His own impassioned soul upon the lyre;
Or, with a painter's skill, create such shapes
Of loveliness, they were more like the hues
Of the rich evening shadows, than the work
Of human touch. But he was wayward, wild;
And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime
Flourished, were quickly withered in the cold
And dull realities of life; - - - he was
Too proud, too visionary for this world,
And feelings which, like waters uncontrolled,
Had carried with them freshness and green beauty,
Thrown back upon themselves, spread desolation
On their own banks. He was a sacrifice,
And sank beneath neglect; his glowing thoughts
Were fires that preyed upon himself. Perhaps,
For he has left some high memorials, Fame
Will pour its sunlight o'er the picture, when
The Artist's hand is mouldering in the dust,
And fling the laurel o'er a harp, whose chords
Are dumb for ever. But his eyes he raised
Mutely to mine—he knew my voice again,
And every vision of his boyhood rushed
Over his soul; his lip was deadly pale,
But pride was yet upon its haughty curve; - - -
He raised one hand contemptuously, and seemed
As he would bid me mark his fallen state,
And that it was unheeded. So he died
Without one struggle, and his brow in death
Wore its pale marble look of cold defiance.

DESIRES FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

Let me begin this day,
With praises of the Lord;
Let me begin to pray,
And hear his holy word.

Let this day hallowed be,
By every one below;
Let me from sin be free,
For God my works doth know.

Let my faults be forgiven,
What I have already done;
Then I shall go to heaven,
Through thy redeeming Son.

Let thy good spirit teach,
And ever guide my heart,
Let me its influence reach,
And from it ne'er depart.

Bristol. JOHN WEBB*.

* This young and promising child was the only son of Mr. John Webb, non-merchant, of Trinity street, Bristol. He had left his home alone on Saturday, the 27th of April last, for the purpose of searching for minerals, &c. on the banks of the River in Canon's Marsh. His long absence occasioned a constant and fruitless search for a whole week, when his remains were found floating upon the water, thus putting an end to the anxious suspence of his agonised family. He was only in his 16th year; and the above lines were written a short time previous to the fatal event.